

"All the World  
Loves a Hero."

## Bill Arp Out West.

Relates Some Tough Experiences on Christmas Day--  
Smart Boy With Tin Horn.

RECOLLECTIONS OF STONEWALL JACKSON.

Contributed by Col. Worthington.  
[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.]

I did not intend to say that Stonewall Jackson was a fatalist in any obnoxious sense. His faith in the One Eternal, invisible sovereign was like that of a child, simple, uplifting, intensely reverential. Truthfully could he say with Richter: "When in my last hour all faculty in the broken spirit shall fade away, then at last will the night flower of Belief alone continue blooming, and refresh with its perfume in the last darkness."

In this narration I may, perhaps, now and then wander from Jackson to the old Brigade. We may for a moment lose sight of the faded coat—the sorrel mare, while we turn to look at that old Brigade trickling down the mountain passes like little threads.

Cassair without the Tenth Legion,  
Cromwell without the "Ironsides," Napoleon  
without the Old Guard, Wellington  
without the Scotch Greys, Jackson  
without the Old Brigade would hardly  
be luminous in any annals. Together  
they have "double quicked" to the gates  
of the Parthenon of Fame; together  
they have dipped their blades in the  
"Crimson tide," together they have  
ducked their laurels from fields scarred  
and seamed by iron hoofs. We cannot  
deny to them a gleam of glory from that  
plate that surrounds these immortals.  
Had the Old Brigade fought in the  
Crimea, each soldier would have been

During his "wild charge" at Cold Harbor, Jackson was busy at the batteries, sending the great guns of the enemy a steady, killing way, on a hill above the road toward the trapezoidal Bridge. He kept about the battery in spite of the closest of shot and shell. As the fire grew hotter and hotter, he rode to the right and left, between the guns, to the front, within their line of fire, with the supreme indifference of one who had put his whole trust in the God of battle. The thundering volume there, outside, but unobscured inside, of his resolution, and I doubt not he was that moment leaning upon a stronger man than man's.

Many there are I presume, who have seen this famous general strongly moved in battle, when amid its thunderings and lightnings, when amid its horrible explosions, the stern and unimpassioned was unmasked, the voice became trident, and the eye the utmost verge," the eye flamed and the voice charged, as he hurled his tumultuous legions upon the bayonets and sabres of the enemy. Even now the survivors of the "Old Brigade" delight to tell you, what Old Stonewall did on Slaughter Mountain. They will describe to you how the he checked, the cheek flamed hot, the voice soared and ran, the eye kindled and flashed, the hand waved the sword and the charge. At such moments they say the eye had turned to fire, the tranquil bearing to devouring agitation, and he lead the charge with the fury of the tiger. We to the foe who had to deal with Jackson at such moments. They were stable before the fire. All energies were concentrated in the stubborn and unflinching struggle.

To have followed this peerless leader was a thing to tell to children's children, and the flush of remembered triumph will overspread the one bronzed cheek of the veteran, who tells of gathering round Jackson in the Valley when Stuart had but a handful of cavalry to watch the border; when Ashby was a simple captain, the Stonewall brigade held in check an enemy twenty-times their number. And then commenced their long and uninterrupted career of glory: their wonderful marches, and

under marches; the incessant tramp of their disdian of snow and sleet, of cold and hunger, the laws of the human body seemed all reversed for these men. The very rapidity of their marches separated them from all creature comforts; but the shadow of insubordination was flitted over that command, and they had seen the going in, and fought five battles in four days—the ranks were thin, and the faces were muzzled by wind and sun, but their tattered banner floated as defiantly in the winds of the Potomac as in the sun of the Shenandoah. That shell-riddled banner might have been written all over with the names of battles fought and won.

we marvel that such a hero could have been the idol of the army? that his eccentricities should have been magnified? This modest hero became a singular stage character, and to the catalogue "Old Noll," "The Little Corporal," and "Light Horse Harry" is added "Stonewall," "Old Jack."

His habits—his very uniform were named and magnified in this spirit of humorous exaggeration. He went to bed booted and spurred. His servant was required to throw upon him buckets of key water in *puris naturalibus*; his legs were ever moving in ejaculatory prayer—these things in Stonewall Jackson were strange or comic, and became once the food of popular stories.

At Fredericksburg General Stuart  
dressed Stonewall Jackson in a gorgeous  
uniform; a superb dark, blue overcoat,  
and a cap dazzling with gold lace. He  
passed down the lines almost unobserv-  
ed and a soldier asked where is "Old  
Jack," why don't he come on? Didn't  
you see him? replied another. Why he

passed here a half hour ago. What, that fellow with the fine coat and cap? No, sir, that wasn't "Old Jack."

If a sound of distant cheering broke upon the ear a soldier would say: "There goes 'Old Jack or a rabbit.' You might have seen a crowd of ragged soldiers upon the road cheering, and the object of this excitement would soon appear. An officer of high rank in an old faded coat—with his cap in his hand—his chin aloft; his eyes half closed, who passed at full gallop with his staff strung along behind him. Brigade after brigade would echo the cheer, until Jackson had retired from view.

At Chantilly the enemy were advancing their cavalry, and the battle seemed about to commence. Jackson was lying against a tree and with chin depressed, and hands folded meekly upon his bosom was fast asleep. Did he fall asleep that day at Chantilly musing over the prayer I know not. If he prayed for victory his prayer was answered, for at night the enemy were flying from Fairfax, and the second tragedy of Manassas was concluded.

The campaign of Jackson in the valley recalls that terrible invasion that unlocked the gates of Moscow to Napoleon Bonaparte, the imperial master of destiny.

Sometimes the winds from the bleak crests of the mountains would drive into their faces notably the falling snow, but that which it raised in furious eddies from the over-hanging slopes. The frosts would penetrate their scant clothing and ragged shoes; the covering of ice would chill their bodies and stiffen their limbs; violent gusts would stop their breath, or seize upon it as it was exhaled from their lips, and transform it into icicles, which would hang from their beards. They were named one vast winding sheet, in which nature was enveloping the Stonewall Brigade. The muskets which they bore were almost insupportable to their benumbled limbs. On this universal coverlet of snow, they knew not where to stop, where to lie, or where to find a few dry sticks to light their fires; but neither frost nor ice; neither hunger or nakedness could deter them from their duty. They kept up their spirits by amusing anecdotes of Old Stonewall, and repeating the names of the victories they had won. These hardships and perils were a few of the results of the dissolution of the "League of the South," the abrogation of the "covenant" and the "covenant of salt."

No man was ever freer from jealousy or vain glory. It mattered little if his laurels were less fragrant than another's. This was the truth—the glory of his character and temperament. His love—his trust in General Lee were unbounded: "I will go where they send me. I will serve under anybody if ordered, but Lee I would follow blindfold. The words of others might be written upon the title of his life.

"It is the Cause, my soul,"  
I cannot further pursue the narrative  
now. I cannot write particularly of  
that story life, that was in accord with  
every fiery element of war at Winchester,  
Malvern Hill, Fredericksburg and  
Chancellorsville.

The shadows were falling thick and fast upon the bleeding bosom of our dear Southland. The portents of death was ever-present army and people with its black wings. Their flapping sounded above the scream of rifle and the boom of cannon.

A platoon of Confederate soldiers had charged their guns with powder and ball that was to destroy our tower of defense. Our grasp upon victory was all relaxed. The dim gigantic half-ghostly spectres almost recalled the vision of the Apocalypse.

He was carried from the field, all mangled, torn and bleeding, to die before the final victory was inscribed upon his tattered flag, and the Anaconda again turned its many scales to the sun.

A tender missive was transmitted from our glorious Commander-in-Chief who was still struggling to the trenches "For the Good of the Country, I cannot wish to have been disabled in your stead," but it was not to be.

One was spared to see the "stars in their course, fighting 'against his people, spared to see the huge Anaconda tighten its coils around every sanctuary every hearthstone. Spared to see the "stars" of Arlington barred against its Master's iron door, and heaped into mounds, where he lies in eternal sleep the men who "wore the blue." The other realizing that Earth was the training room for the real life, which awaits us when the last lesson is learned, and the school bell rings for recital felt in his dying hour the presence of God all encompassing, all enveloping, all pervasive like a warm blanket, and he lay down and laid him down to sleep with the murmured desire of the wearied soul, "Let us cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees,"

HOPE FOR IT!

Hope that skies'll brighten,  
An' all the burdens lighten—  
Better for to hope than tis to sigh;  
Hope that joy will bloom  
Like a lily in the gloom,  
And we'll reach the rosy gardens by and  
by!

It was a long race and a hard one—race against time and Santa Claus, for I had promised to be at home on Christmas Eve. President Christmas never showed up. I failed. I was 800 miles away from Texas and could have made it, only the train was belated and old not connected and I had to spend a long, long weary day in Shreveport. There is only one train was belated and would not connect. I was sick and lonesome and longed for the rest and comfort of home and kindred. Eight days in Texas and never saw the sun. It rained or it sleeted every day. But they told me they had a sun sometimes and invited me to come back in August. Everything was out of joint. All my travel from town to town was by night in broken doses, for the trains were never on time and I had to sit up and nod in cold drowsiness from one to three hours at almost every departure and at the very best, when my hopes were buoyant and I was homebound, I was in a cold, rainy, wet, gloomy place at 6 o'clock in the night. I felt that the train never got there until 6. I knew then that we would be left, but the conductor said they would wait for us. It was a hilarious individual. A friend introduced me to him as Bill Arp. "Bill, who?" said he. "Bill Arp, they call him after him, I reckon." "Yes," said he, "I have, and he don't cut no figure."

"with me." Of course I was mortified. He passed on, but came back in a minute and said to my friend, "I don't take offense," and he told me how he had raised that way. I believe there is heaven and a hell; and Bob Ingersoll no Bill Arp can't fool me about it. My friend was mortified and said: "What has Bill Arp got to do with Bob Ingersoll?" "Well," said the conductor, "I've been told that they are the same man; but they don't cut and figure with me. They are equalled and squared by me." He reached in his pocket and said, "Here's a nickel." I asked him if he would give it to me. I wasn't I would have let him, for said he, "I would hit any man who called me 'Bob Ingersoll.'" Of course I was no calm and serene, for while going from Vicksburg to Monroe on my outward trip a man asked me where I preached, and I felt complimented. The car was full of preachers going to the synod and home, and I was one of them. At Jackson I was mistaken for a preacher at Jacksonville by the barber. I gave him a quarter and he was about to hand me back 15 cents and said, "You are a preacher, ain't you?" "No," said I. "What made you think I was a preacher?" "You look like one," said he, and he took back the nickel. So you see I was comforting myself on my wayward journey, and I was right. I was originally smothered for being a snuff-box.

Only my greatest misfortune is losing a day was in having to travel on Christmas eve and night. All along the line the boys were on a spree and by the time we reached Vicksburg Mr. Chapman, the conductor, was tired out. He is a patient, considerate man and I sympathized with his efforts to keep the peace. We parted company at Vicksburg and he remarked that it was the hardest day's work he had had.

Then came the tug of war. Christmas eve and night at Vicksburg and on to Meridian was pandemonium. The negroes swarmed in at both ends of the city—about a hundred, and nearly all were drunk and had bottles of jazz without number. They were from the neighboring country and had been "the way down to Vicksburg town" to get supplies for Christmas. About a dozen of us found ourselves suddenly penned in the middle of the car by the odoriferous compound and resolved to make a break for liberty and fresh air. One big, bold man said he would make a way and we must follow, and we did. We walked straight up and out the back door. The next car was full, too, and so we skinned round to the ladies' car and took refuge and standing room only, for it was crowded to overflowing with women and children and Christmas doings of all kinds. Doll carriages and boys' wagons and boxes and paper sacks and toys and tin horns and baskets full of all sorts of tricks and presents. One whole seat was occupied with an enormous pile of tin horns and bells. Small boys were tooting horns all along the line—too! too! too! too! "Stop!"

"That Bob!" said a fond parent, "stop it!" Bob stopped a moment, till the fond parent resumed his conversation with a friend. Then he began loud and soft, loud soon got louder and louder, "Bob I told you to stop that racket, if you don't I will throw water upon the top of the window." Bob stopped about two minutes and whispered to his mother, "The window wasn't up. She told me she was talking to her friend. Foot! foot!" He heard the horn—his friend's pianissimo staircase, but it soon swelled into a multitudinous furiosissimo fortissimo, when suddenly the fond parent seized it and stuck it in his overcoat pocket. They got off at the next station and their Jack Robinsons were taken before I could say hot stove for me to get a corner next to a hot stove. It was close by the water tank, but there was no water. It was raining again. We left Vicksburg and stayed all night. Evered, manute or two some woman or child may have come and worked on that faucet in vain. The men took the top off and reached down for water, but found none. The porter passed through and his attention was called to it, but he made no sign, and poured out no water. Children began to cry for it, and I would have given half a dollar for a bucket full for them, but the train wouldn't stop long enough at a station for me to step out and buy it.

"Wasn't it raining outside."

a drop to drink." Somebody blundered on that train. Some of the passengers from Texas, going east to visit their relatives, were traveling on the high rate excursion, and they were disgusted. This is worse than Texas, they said. We were due in Meridian at 9 o'clock and got there at 1. It was a long, long weary night to me and is the last time I will ever travel during Christmas holidays. I was half sick all the time, but I had to go, and the appointment with the bureau had made me go. I had been at home I would have gone to bed where I am now. It reminds me of my nigger Rob, who spent two years in the chain-gang, and says, "Day habed me, but jes' two laws in dar and you must be sick. I know, you must be sick, a full day's work of it is will, I know. Older is, you must be well. I hear time. I imagine I was sick, and I would have been sick if I had been at home, but de boss say I wasn't sick and de boss

"But I met lots of good people in every town and they don't seem at all prostrated by the low price of cotton, for almost every farmer has a bunch of cattle, and they mean by it from fifty to five hundred head, and they have no grano debts to pay. Peaches are coming to the front very rapidly in eastern Texas as a commercial product. I never saw finer orchards or more of them than those around Henderson and Jacksville. All that region is about on a parallel with Savannah and Brunswick but is as cold as Atlanta and Griffin. The line of equal heat is a very crooked one for me. I read that the winters in the State of Washington are not as warm as in the State of Texas, but the wind and the rain makes no mud and no frost. People filled the long hall from roof to rear.

Natchezches is perhaps the oldest living town in Texas and one of the best. There are older towns, like Jefferson, but they are dead. This town was named for a tribe of Indians. So was Natchez in Mississippi, and both tribes are now extinct. Like the Aztecs, the red men are passing away. There is an old stone fort, built by the Spaniards, on a public square. It was built for the Spanish Catholics for a mission house about a hundred years ago and is preserved as a relic of the ages. It has no doors or windows to the ground floor and the entrance is by a ladder to a window opening some ten feet from the ground. What an earnest, zealous people were these followers of the Saint Ignatius who penetrated the wilderness of all countries to convert even savages to their faith.

Ocellaires in legions—days—the Beau  
 Brumard of America. He practiced law  
 here for a while in partnership with his  
 father, and the sign was over the door  
 "Tom Ocellaire and Father." I would  
 like to enlarge upon the attractions of  
 the town and the good people  
 I met, and I would like to make a  
 grateful mention of Mr. Mims and  
 Schmidt, who are two of nature's nob-  
 lest, both in walk and conversation.  
 I wish that the world was full of  
 such men. They were kind to me in  
 many ways and it will ever give me  
 pleasure to call them in memory. I  
 was told after a short time that  
 doches had many such citizens and was  
 an exceptionally refined community

On reaching Meridian I found that no train made close connection with ours save the Alabama Great Southern, and I just had time to buy a ticket and get aboard. I had only a few minutes time, so we had a big lot of Texans who came by New Orleans and were going east, many of them going to Georgia, to spend the holidays. We sat up and talked, I told them the story, and for surprise had reached that wonderful city of Atlanta. Payne, the strangest city I ever saw. Tom Hood once wrote a poem about a haunted house that almost scares you to death. There are a thousand haunted houses, all about and around them, and they all look haunted, wouldn't you walk among them in the night. Some of them are fine houses and cost much money and there is a hotel of fine Queen Anne style. I am not a guest, but not even a curtain to the view of the lawns are unfurnished or abandoned courtyards and machine shops and ramoth livery

stables with no horses in them.

"O'er all these hung a shadow and a fear,  
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,  
And said as plain as whisper in the ear,  
The place is haunted.

No human figure stirred to go or come;  
No face looked forth from shut or open casement;  
No chimney smoked; there was no sign of home  
From parapet to basement,  
No dog was at the threshold, great or small;  
No pikeon on the roof, no household cat;  
No cat dreaming dozing on the wall—  
Not one domestic feline."

This is the champion beam town of the South, but it was all northern money, and the fight was canceled against Jacksonville.

In due time we reached Chattanooga, for the Alabama Great Southern is a ways on time, and makes its trip of 390 miles in nine hours. It is a delightful road to travel on. I was tired and I was hungry for I had had no supper or breakfast. When dinner time came I anticipated Southwestern Georgia for Christmas, but I found printed on the little card "Luncheon," and the menu said "Consommé," which I supposed meant soup, and I ordered some. The waiter thought I was sick and brought me

(Concluded on 4th page.)